

UNCUT AND CROWDED WITH DANDELIONS

at the old farmhouse here the lawn
is uncut and crowded with dandelions,
and weeds are starting to take over

the driveway, except for where the
tires run back and forth. and
the stone wall, running against pines,
is in need of repair, but as yet i've
done nothing to help make it look
a little more presentable. it always
shocks me when i go over to my parents'
place in cairo and see just how neat
everything is kept there: the garden
has been weeded; the lawn has been cut;
the driveway appears just to have been
freshly blacktopped. perhaps i should
work outside more, but it's difficult
when the desire is not there. all i
can get myself to do is water the herbs
in the flowerboxes outside the back door,
and even when i do that i usually have
a glass of wine in one hand and the hose
in the other. actually i like seeing a
field of tall grasses between the house
and the barn. and the dandelions are so
bright and cheerful, that i can't see
doing away with them. it's been suggested
that i might want to make dandelion wine
out of them. but that doesn't interest me,
that idea, no. better just to pick my
wine up at the liquor store, bring it
home and watch the dandelions grow
undisturbed.

AT THIS POINT IN THE ROAD

surprising how out in the
middle of nowhere, at this
farmhouse which hasn't been
used as a farmhouse in
i can't imagine how many
years, how so often a car
comes down the road and
turns around in the driveway
and then goes off in the
opposite direction. naturally
at times i think that
someone might be paying
me a visit. but that's
almost never the case,
for two reasons: i don't

encourage such visits,
and i don't think many
people feel inclined
to pay me a visit in the
first place. but there
are an awful lot of people
at this point in the road who
seem to change their minds,
or who remember something
that they had forgotten to
bring with them, so
it seems. i should sell
lemonade in the driveway
come summer.

ON THE INSIDE OF THE HOT HOUSE

my father practically lives out in his small
hot house through the month of may, and that's
where i found him this morning when i arrived.
i had some toast and coffee with
my mother first, then walked out back
and went straight into the hot house
to have some private conversation with him.
he was on his green stool, fiddling
around with a group of young plants,
and when he saw me he continued on
with what he was doing, said hello, and
then we settled into the usual topics.
he complained about his knees going bad, about
being too old to kneel on them anymore.
i gave him the glass of orange juice
my mother had given me to bring out to him.
it was just beginning to rain, and
this, i noticed, made him relatively
pleased with matters overall.
flies were going crazy at the windows,
on the inside of the hot house.
flies of various sizes.
a very wide strip of bright yellow
fly paper hung from the ceiling,
and on it were so many flies
that the paper was turning black.
i mentioned this paper, saying
i'd never seen this kind before,
and he told me that it was
nothing new, that often it was
used in gardens. there's
a blackboard, which is used for
reminders. late last autumn i
wrote a haiku on it in large, bold